



7.2.1



SIR
GYLES GOOSECAPPE
Knight,

A Comedie presented by the Chil:
of the Chappell.



AT LONDON.
Printed by Iohn Windet for
Edward Blant, 1606.



Eugenia, A widowe, and a Noble Ladie.
Hyppolita, { Ladie-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.
Penelope, {
Wynnsfred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.
Monsford, A Noble Man, vnkle to Eugenia.
Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Monf.
Fowlen ether, a french affected Trauayler, & a Captaine.
Sir Giles Goosecap: a foolish knight.
Sir Cuthbert Rudstie, a blunt knight.
Sir Clement kingcob, a knight.
Lord Tales.
Lord Furnsfall.
Bullaker, a french Page.
lack Pages
Will



SIR GYLES GOOSE- CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter Bullaker with a Torche.

Bullaker.



His is the Countesse *Eugenias* house I thinke, I
can neuer hit of theis same English Cittie
howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in
any Citty in Fraunce, I coulde find any house
there at midnight.

Enter Iacke, and Will.

Iack. Theis two strange hungrie knights (*Will*) make
the leanest trenchers that euer I waited on.

Will. A plague on them *Iack*, they leaue vs no fees
at all, for our attendance, I thinke they vse to sett their
bones in siluer they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Iack*
whats that?

Iack. A my worde (*Will*) tis the great Baboone, that
was to be seene in Southwarke.

Will. Is this he? gods my life what beastes were we,
that we wood not see him all this while, neuer trust mee
if hee looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely
hee holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his
keeper trowe, is he broke loole?

Iack. Haft euer an Apple about thee (*Will*) wee le
take him vp sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mo-
ny with him.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Will. That we shall yfath boy, and looke thou here, heres a red cheekt apple to take him vp with.

Ia. Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our pro-
uant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while.

Ia. Giue me the apple to take vp *Iacke*, because my
name is *Iacke*.

Will. Hold thee *Iacke*, take it,

Ia. Come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

Bul. I will come to your Sir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my worde,
Ile *Iacke* ye.

Will. Gods me he speakes *Iacke*, O pray pardon vs Sir.

Bul. Out ye *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a
man from a *Marmasett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of
ours: nay ile *Iackesie* you alittle better yet.

both. Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon vs.

Bul. Pardon vs, out ye home-bred peasants, plain eng-
lish, pardon vs, if you had parled, & not spoken, but said
pardonne moy; I wood haue pardon'd you, but since you
speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo. O *pardonne moy monsieur*.

Bul. *Bien ie vous remercie*, thers *pardonne pour vous* Sir now.

Will. Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you seeme to bee a
Squire of our order Sir.

Ia. Whose page might you be Sir.

Bul. I am now the great French Traualers page.

Will. Or rather the frêch Traualers great page. Sir, on, on

Bul. Hight Captaine Fouleweather, alias Comenda-
tions; whose valours within here at super with the Cou-
tes *Eugenia*, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

Will. You mistake vs not Sir.

Ia. This captain Fouleweather, alias Comendations
(*Will.*) is the gallât that wil needs be a sutor to our Cou-
tes

Will. Faith and if Fouleweather be a welcome suiter to
a faire Ladie, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can shoure into the
lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a
Capinado

Sir Gyles Gossecappe

Captinado, on Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their ioyntes that giue him cause to worke vpon them to heauylie, that hee will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why hee will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so dominere, and raigne ouer women.

Will A plague of Capaine Fowleweather I remeber him now *Jack*, and know him to be a dull moist brained Ass.

Ia. A Southerne man I thinke.

Will As fearefull as a Hare, & a will lye like a Lap-wing, & I know how he came to be a Captain, & to haue his Surname of Commendations.

Ia. How I preethee *Will*?

Will Why Sir he serued the great Ladie Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a cood brush vp her silkes lustely, she thought hee would curry the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

Ia. Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was euer after surnamde Captaine Commendations?

Will Right.

Bul. I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine shoulde haue taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neither I can tell ye.

Ia. What are those two Knights names, that are thy captaines *Comrades*, and within at supper with our Lady?

Bul. One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Gossecappe, the others Sir *Cutr. Rudsby*.

Will Sir Gyles Gossecappe whats he a gentleman?

Bul. I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

Ia. In Essex? did not his Auncestors come out of Londō

Bul. Yes that they did Sir, the best *Gossecappes* in

Sir Gyles Goofecap.

in England, comes out of London I assure you.

Will I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir *Cut. Rudeby*?

Bul. A Northern man, or a VVestern mā I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him; for tis a very forcible word in troth, & yet he forces it too much by his fauour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicitie often times he trauailes himsele out of all good company.

Iack Like enough; he trauaild for nothing else.

Will But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Goofecap* now Sir?

Bul. Sir *Gyles Goofecap* has alwayes a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reason for euey thing is, because wee are all mortall; and therefore hee is generally cald the mortall knight; then hath he another prettie phrase too, and that is, he will tickle the vanitie ant still in euey thing and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

Ia. Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they haue land enough, but now muste your thirde person afore vs I beseech you,

Bul. The thirde person and second knight blunt Sir *Cut. Rudeby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit a good bustling gallant talkes well at Routers; he is two parts souldier; as flouentie as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard wil dead a Cannon shot better then a wolpacke: hee will come into the presence like yor Frenchman in foule bootes: and dares eate garlik as a prepra-tiue to his Courtship; you shall knowe more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographycall parts of your Ladies in requittall.

Will That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographycall too and you will; first my Ladie the widowe, and Countes

Eugenia,

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Eugenia, is in earnest, a most worthy Ladie, and indeede can doe more then a thousand other Ladies can doe I can tell ye.

Bul Whats that I pray thee?

Iack. Mary Sir, he meanes she can do more then sleep, and eate and drinke; and play at noddie, and helpe to make hir selfe readie.

Bul Can she so?

Will She is the best Scholler of any woman but one in England, she is wise and vertuous,

Ia. Nay shee has one strange qualitie for a woman besides, tho these be strange enough that hee has reckoned.

Bul. For Gods sake whats that?

Ia. She can loue reasonable constantly, for she loued her husband only, almost a whole yere togeather.

Bul. Thats strange indeed, but what is youre faire Ladie Sir?

Ia. My Ladie Sir, the Ladie *Hippolita*.

Will That is as chaste as euer was *Hippolitus*.

Ia. (True my prettie *Parenthesis*) is halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe.

Bul. Strange tale to tell; howe canst thou make this good my good *Assumptis*.

Ia. Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a gallant young gentleman that loude hir with such passion and admiration that he neuer thought he could bee so blessed as to enioy her in full marriage, till the minister was marrying them, and euen then when he was saying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita*; with extreame ioy he began to looke pale, then going forwardes saying to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall liue, he lookt extreame pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her parte, and said, I *Hippolita* take thee *Charles*, hee began to faint for ioy, then saying to my wedded husband, hee began to sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he could

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

coude stand no longer but with verie conceit it seemd
that shee whome hee tendred as the best of all thinges,
shoulde pronounce the worst, and for his sake
too, hee suncke downe right, and died sodenly: And
thus being halfe married, & her halfe husband wholly
dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a
maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe; do ye conceiue
me Sir?

Bul. O Lord Sir, I depure you quicke; and now Sir I
beseech you open vnto me your tother Ladie, what is
shee?

Will. He answere for her, because I know her Ladiship
to be a perfect maide indeed.

Bul. How canst thou know that?

Will. Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

Ia. By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will
come about hir forehead, and slyp ouer her nose?

Will. No Sir no, by a rule that wil not slip so I warrant
you, which for hir honours sake I wil let slip vnto you,
gods so Iack, I thinke they haue supt.

Ia. Bir Ladie we haue waited wel the while.

Will. VVell though they haue lost their attendance,
let not vs lose our Suppers Iack.

Iack. I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in and
drinke with vs yfaith.

Bul. Pardonne moy monsieur.

both. No pardoning in trueth Sir.

Bul. Je vous remercy de-bon Ceur.

Exeunt.

*Enter Goosecappe Rudesby Foulweather Eugenia
Hippol. Penelope, Wynne.*

Rud. A plague on you sweete Ladies, tis not so late,
what needed you to haue made so short a supper.

Goof. In truth Sir *Chit.* we might haue tickled the va-
nitie ant, an howre longer if my watch be trustible.

Foul. I but how should theis bewties knowe that Sir
Gyles? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

Goof.

Sm. Cyles Goodcappe?

Go. That's tooth Captain, but do you hear honest friend
pray take a light, and see if the moone shine, I haue a
Sunne diall will resolue presently.

Fe. Howsoeuer belieue it Ladies, tis vnwholesome, vn-
courtly, vnpleasant to eate hastellie, & rise sodainly, a mā
can shew no discourte, no witt, no stirring, no varietie,
no prettie conceits, to make the meate goe down

Eu. Winnesfred.

(*emphatically*;

Win. Madam.

Eu. I prethie goe to my vnkle the Lord *Momford*, and
intreat him to come quicken our eares with some of his
pleasnt Spirit; This same *Fowlweather* nas made me so
melanchollie, prethie make haste.

Win. I will madam.

Exit.

Hip. VVe will bid our guests good night madam, this
same *Fowlweather* makes me so sleepeie.

Pen. Fie vppon it, for Gods sake shut the Casements,
heres such a fullsome aire comes into this chamber; in
good faith madamie you must keepe your house in bet-
ter reparations, this same *Fowlweather* beats in so filthily.

Eng. Ile take order with the Porter for it Ladie, good
night gentlemen.

Ru. VVhy good night & be hagd, & you'l needs be gon.

Goof. God giue you good night madams, thanke you
for my good cheere, wee'll tickle the vanitie ant, no
longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La: to
supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that
ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

Eu. Light the Ladie *Penelope*, and the Ladie *Hippolita* to
their chambers, good night faire Ladies.

Hip. Good night madam, I wish you may sleepe well
after your light supper.

Eng. I warrant you Ladie I shall neuer be troubled with
dreaming of my Fréch Suter.

Exeunt

Ru. VVhy how now my Fréchified captain *Fowlweather*?
by gods ludd thy Surname is neuer thought vpo here, I
perceiue heeres no bodie giues thee any comendations.

Fe. VVhy this is the vntrauaild rudnes of our grose Eng.

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Iesh. Ladies now, would any French Ladie use a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so vnciuil, and fullsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I say they lie, and I will die int.

Rnd. I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right,

Fowl. Their smockes quoth you? a my worde you shal take them vp so white, and so pure, so sweet, so Emphaticall, so moouing.

Rnd. I marry Sir, I think they be continually mouing.

Fowl. But if their smockes were Course or foule.

Rnd. Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

Fowl. S death they put not all their virtues in their smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

Rnd. But in their stewde pox, theres all their gentilitie.

Goof. Nay good Sir *Curr.* doe not agrauate him no more.

Fowl. Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiare so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shal haue cause to discourse or sometimes to come neerer them; if your breath bee ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kind sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath Sir, thus it is with your teeth Sir, this is your disease, and this is your medicine.

Goof. As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superlatiue good, this.

Fowl. Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of France, our peuishe dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainfull, and so subtile, as the *Pomonean* Serpent, more diu the Punck of Babilon was neuer so subtile.

Rnd. Nay doe not chafe so Captaine.

Fowl. Tunc

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Foul. Your Frenchman wood euer chafe Sir *Cutt*, being thus moude.

Rud. VVhat, and play with his beard so.

Foul. I and brylle, it doth expresse that passion of anger very full and emphaticall.

Goof. Nay good knight if your French wood brylle, let him alone, in troth our Ladies are a little too coy and subtil Captaine indeed.

Foul. Subtle Sir *Giles Goosecappe*? I assure your Soule, they are as subtil with their suters, or loues, as the Latine Dialect where the nominatiue Case, and the verbe, the Substantiue, and the Adiectiue, the verbe, and the verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another, and you shall hardly find them out, but then learne to Construe, and perse them, and you shall find them prepar'd, and acquainted, & agree together, in Case, gender, and number.

Goof. I detest Sir *Cutt*, I did not thinke hee had bin halfe the quintessence of a scholler he is.

Foul. Slydd theres not one of them truely emphaticall.

Goof. Yes Ile ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall but all your French Ladies are not fatt? are they Sir?

Foul. Eatt Sir, why doe yee thinke Emphaticall is fatt Sir *Giles*?

Rud. Gods my life brother knight, didst thou thinke so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I neuer thought it was fatt, Ile be sworne to thee.

Foul. Why if any true Courtly dame had had but this new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing in differently stuffed, why you should haue had her more respectiue by farre.

Rud. Nay theres some reason for that Captaine, me thinks a true woman should perpetually doate vpon a new fashion.

Foul. VVhy are it thrigh Sir *Cutt*. *In noua fere Anis mus mutatas discere formas.* tis the mind of man, and wo-

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

man to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatires for
sooth, if he come like to your *Belosmo*, or your bore, so he
bee rich, or emphaticall, they care not, would I might
neuer excell a dutch Skipper in Courtshippe, if I did not
put distaste into my cariage of purpose; I knew I should
not please them. *Lacquay? allume la torche.*

Rud. Slydd, heres neither Torch, nor Lacquay me
Foul. *O mon deu.* thinks,

Rud. O doe not sweare Captaine.

Foul. Your Frenchman euer sweares Sir *Curt*, vpon the
lacke of his *Lacquay* I assure you.

Goof. See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages,
they haue bin tickling the vanitie ont yf a th.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter to them. Lack, Bullaker, Will.

La. Captaine Fowleweather, my Ladie the Countesse
Engema commends hir most kindly to you, and is deter-
mined to morrowe morninge early if it be a frost to take
her Coach to *Barnet* to bee nipt where if it please you,
to meet her, and accompany her homewarde, ioyning
your wit with the frost, and helpe to nippe her. She does
not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will haue
a ioyfull breakfast.

Foul. I shall indeed my deere youth.

Rud. Why Captaine I abusd thee, I see: I said the La-
dies respected thee not, and now I perceiue the widowe
is in loue with thee.

Foul. Sblood knight I knew I had stricke her to the
quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extrauagant
fashion: I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship vppon
her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the French
Ladies like a Culuering shot, He be sworne; and I think
Sir *Gyles* you saw how she fell vnder it.

Goof. O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

Rud. O good knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

Will. The other two Ladies commend them no lesse
kindly to you two knights too; & desire your worships
wood meete them at *Barnet* ith morning with the Cap-

Foul. *Goof.* *Rud.* O good Sir.

(taine.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Goof. Our worshipps shal attend their Ladiships thether.

Ia. No Sir Gyles by no meanes, they will goe priuately thether, but if you will meet them there.

Rud. Meet them, wee le die fort, but wee le meet them.

Foul. Lets goe thether to night knights, and you bee true gailants.

Rud. Content.

Ia. How greedely they take it in Sirra.

Goof. No it is too farre to goe to night, wee le bee vp betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

Foul. Why its but ten miles, & a fine cleere night *S. Gyles*

Goof. But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

Rud. V Why doost thinke its any more?

Goof. I, Ile laie ten pounds its more then ten mile, or twelue either.

Rud. V What to *Barnet*?

Goof. I, to *Barnet*?

Ru. Slidd, Ile laie a hūdrēd poūd with thee, if thou wilt.

Goof. Ile laie fūe hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know, I am sure it was foure yeares ago ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles growe thinke you, as well as other *Animals*.

Ia. O wise Knight!

Gof. I neuer Innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of theise Ridiculus Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bire me.

Foul. A prettie proiect.

Bul. Intruth Caprain if I might aduise you, you should tarrie, and take the morning afore you.

Foul. How? *O mon Dieu*, how the villaine *poullitronne*, dishonours his trauaile? you *Buffonly Monchroyn*, are you so mere rude; and English to aduise your Captaine?

Ru. Nay I prethie *Fouleweather* be not rēpesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

Foul. Tēpesteous Sir *Ent*, will your Frenchman thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to aduise him? *Go.* O God.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Go. O God you must take heed Lacquy how you aduise your captain, your Fréch, lacquay would not haue donir.

Foul. He would haue bin poxt first: *Allume le torche,* sweet pages commend vs to your Ladies, say wee kisse their white handes, and will not faile to meete them: knights which of you leades?

Goof. Not we Sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

Foul. VVhy, what tho I be Captaine Commendations?

Rud. VVhy and Captain commendations, is hartie? commendations, for Captaines are hartie I am sure, or else hang them,

Foul. VVhy, what if I bee hartie Commendations, come, come, sweete knights leade the way.

Rud. O Lorde Sir, alwaies after my hartie Commendations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer mee with president, by the Aurenticall forme of all Iustice letters, *Alloun.*

Exeunt.

Ia. Heres a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there not?

Will I but how will they digest it thinkest thou? when they shall finde our Ladies not there?

Ia. I haue a vaunt-Curriing deuise shall make them digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA QVARTA.

Enter Clarence Musicians.

Cl. VVorke on sweet loue, I am not yet resolud
T'exhaust this troubled spring of vanities
And nurse of perturbations, my poore life,
And therefore since in euery man that holds
This being deare, there must be some desire
VVhose power to enioy his object may so maske

The

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

The Iudging part that in her radyant eyes
His estimation of the world may seeme
Vpright, and worthy, I haue chosen lone
To blind my Reason with his mistie handes
And make my estimatiue power beleue
I haue a proiect worthy to imploy
VVhat worth so euer my whole man affordes:
Then sit at rest my Soule, thou now hast found
The ende of thy infusion, in the eyes
Of thy diuine *Eugenia* looke for heauen.

Cla. Thanks gentle friends *A song to the Violls*
is your good Lord and mine, gon vp to bedd yet?

Enter Adamford.

Mom. I do assure ye not Sir, nor yet, nor yet, my deep,
and studious friend, not yet musicall *Clarence*.

Cla. My Lord?

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole deuider of my Lordshippe;

Cla. That were a most vnfit diuision
And farre aboue the pitche of my lowe plumes
I am your bold and constant guest my Lord.

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long
Almost theis twentie yeares, and halfe those yeares
Hast bin my bedfellow, long time before

This vnseene thing, this thing of nought indeed

Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shinde in me,
And yet thou makst thy selfe as little bould
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indissolable loue

As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday
Such is thy gentle and too tender Spirit,

Cla. My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare
I should be rude, and this my meane estate
Meeres with such enuie, and derraction
Such misconstructions, and resolud misdoomes
Of my poore worth, that should I be aduanc'd

Beyonde

Sir Gylts Goodscappt.

Beyond my vnseene lowenes, but one haire
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That flye in ill-lungd tempests through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders
If she but looke out of the ground of glorie.
Twixt, whome, and me, and euery worldlie fortune
There fights such sowre, and Curst *Antipathy*
So waspish, and so petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are rauisht from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes
And must not thinke of any place with men.

Mom. O harke you Sir, this waiwarde moode of yours
must syfted be, or rather rooted out,
youle no more musick Sir?

Cl. Not now my Lord,

Mom. Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

Cl. I thanke you honest fri. nds *Exeunt Musicians.*

Mo. Hence with this booke, & now *Mom.* *fieur* Clarence,
methinks plaine & prote friendship would do excellent
well betwixt vs comethus Sir, or rather thus, come Sir
tis time I trowe that we both liu'd like one bodie, thus,
and that both our sides were flit, and Concorporat
with *Organs* fit to effect an indiuiduall passage euen for
our very thoughts; suppose wee were one bodie now,
and I charge you beleue it; whereof I am the hart, and
you the liuer.

Cl. Your Lordship might well make that diuision if
you knew the plaine song.

Mom. O Sir, and why so I pray?

Cl. First because the heart, is the more worthy en-
traile, being the first that is borne, and moues, and the
last that moues, and dies; and then being the fountaine
of heate too, for wherefoeuer our heate does not flowe
directly from the hart to the other *Organs*, there, their
action must of necessitie cease, and so without you I ne-
ther would nor could liue.

Mom

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Mom. VVel Sir for these reasons I may be the heart why may you be the liuer now.

Cla. I am more then ashamed, to tell you that my Lord.

Mom. Nay may be not too suspitious of my iudgement, in you I beseech you; a shau'd friend? if your loue ouercome not that shame, a shame take that loue I saie. Come fir why may you be the liuer?

Cla. The plaine and short truth is (my Lord) because I am all liuer, and tounrd loue.

Mom. Louer?

Cla. Louer yfaith my Lord.

Mom. Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for ioy why thou wilt not now reuiue the sociable mirth of thy sweete disposition? wilt thou shine in the world a new? and make those that haue fleighted thy loue, with the Austeritie of thy knowledge, doate on thee againe with thy commaunding staff of their humors?

Cla. A las my Lord they are all farre out of my aime, and onely to fit my selfe a little better to your friendship, haue I giuen these wilfull raynes to my affections.

Mom. And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldlie desires ouertaken with the hart of the world? Loue I shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees euerie way a most rare woman that I know thy spirit, & iudgement hath chosen, is she wise? is she noble? is she capable of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with iudiciall lipps? where so much iudgement & vertue deserues it? Come brother Twinn, be short I charge you, & name me the woman.

Cla. Since your Lordship will shorten the length of my follies relation, the woman that I so passionatlie loue, is no worse Lady then your owne Neece, the too worthe Countesse *Eugenia*.

Mom. VVhy so, so, so, you are a worthe friend are you not to conceale this loue-mine in your head, and

would not open it to your hart, now be shrow my hart, if my hart dance not for ioy tho my heeles do not, & they do not, because I will not set that at my heeles that my friends set at his heart, what? friende and Nephew? both nephew is a far inferior title to friend I confesse, but I will preferre the backwards (as many friends doe) & leaue their friends woorse then they found them;

Cl. But my noble *Lo.* it is almost a prodegie, that I being onely a poore Gentleman and farre short of that state and wealth that a Ladie of her greatnes in both will expect in her husband.

Adm. Hold thy doubt friend, neuer feare any woman, vnlesse thy selfe be made of strawe, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning, *Andacie* prospers aboue probabilitie in all worldlie matters, dost not thou knowe that Fortune gouernes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile, why should a man desiring to aspire an vnreasonable creature which is a woman? lecke her fruition by reasonable meanes, because thy selfe binde a vpon reason, wilt thou looke for congruitie in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false Latine, and breake *Priscians* head, attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing, I tell thee friend the enminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely wick-craft of this world, Spirits wrastring with spirits, as bodies with bodies? this were enough to make the hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are rauisht with Coaches, and vpper hands, and braue men of durt: but thou knowest friend thees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason euermore.

Ad. optima hortetur: to like that which is best, not that which is brauest, or rightest, or greatest, and so consequently worst, But prone what she can, we will turne her, and winde her, and mak

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

make her so plyant that we will drawe her through a wedding ring yfaith.

Cla. Would to god we might my Lord.

Mom. Ile warrant thee friend.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. VVhere is mistris *Winnifred*, for my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordshippe.

Mom. Marrie enter mistris *Winnifred* euen here I pray thee, from the Lady *Eugenia*, doe you heare friend?

Cla. Very easilie on that side my Lord.

Mom. Let me seele? does not thy heart pant apace, by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours sir God, and vpon a verie honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must euen trusse, and to her:

Enter Winnifred.

wittie mistris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman, I am sure this Gentleman thinks his chamber the sweeter for your deare presence.

Win. My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

Mom. VVhat rude Mistris *Winnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kindenesse.

Win. Nay good my Lord, Ile neuer goe to the market for that ware I can haue it brought hōe to my dore

Mom. O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

Win. So you may my Lord, but I knowe fewe Lords that thinke scorne to go to that market theselues.

Mom. To goe to it *Winnifred*, nay to ride to it yfaith.

Win. Thats more then I knowe my Lord.

Mom. Youle not belieue it till you are then a horse-backe, will ye? (heare it?)

Win. Come, come, I am sent of a message to you wil you

Mom. Stoppe, stoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you haue audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir,

Win. Nuw we shall haue a fiction I belciue.

Mom. Had three Suiters at once.

To the Gentleman.

Win. Youle leave out none my Lord.

Mom. No more did you *Winifred* you enterferde with them all in truth.

Win. O Monstrous Lord by this light.

Mom. Now Sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not; viz. leaue out the two first, the third comming the third night for his turne.

Win. My Lord, my Lord, my Ladie does that, that no bodie else does, desires your companie and so fare you well.

Mom. O stay a little sweet *Winifred*, helpe me but to trusse my pointes againe, and haue with you.

Win. Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather see your hose about your heeles, then I would helpe you to trusse a point.

Mom. O wittie *Winifred*, for that lest, take thy passport, and tell thy Ladies thou leftst me with my hose about my heeles.

Win. Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow a bout your heeles, ere I come at you againe.

Mom. She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this verie fit my sweete *Clarence*? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleep without me; but for thy company sake, she shall to night; and in the morning I will visit her earely; when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare, (but art sure to see) in what subtil, and farre-fetcht manner Ile sollicite her about thee.

Cl. Thanksworthie Lord.

exunt.

Fins. Actus Primus

ACTVS SECVNDI SÆNA PRIMA

Clarence Salus.

Cl. I That haue studied with world-korning thoughts
the waie of heauen; and how true heauen is reacht
To

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

To know how mightie, and how many are
The strange affections of inchaunted number
How to distinguish all the motions
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what powre
doth seperate in such forme this massie Rownd:
VVhat is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames?
Footesteps, and Shadowes? what Eternelles is
The world, and Time, and Generation?
VVhat Soule, the worldes Soule is? what the blacke
And vnreueald Originall of Things, (Springes
VVhat their perseuerance? what is life and death,
And what our Certaine Restauration?
Am with the staid heads of this Time imployd
To watch withall my Nerues a Female shade,

*Enter Wynnesfred, Anabell, with their sowing workes
and sing: After their song Enter
Lord Momford.*

Mom. VVitty Mistresse Wynnesfred, where is your
Countesse I pray?

Wyn. Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke
her out, if she were at her vrinall?

Mom. Then Sh'as done it seemes, for here she comes
to saue mee that labour, away wenches, get you hence
wenches. *Exeunt.*

Eu. VVhat, can you not abide my maides vnkle?

Mom. I neuer good abide a maid in my life Neece, but
either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead with a
wet finger.

Eu. You loue to make your selfe worse then you are stil.

Mom. I know fewe mend in this world; Madam, For
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse
spoken on euer amongst women.

Eu. I wonder where you haue binne all this while with
your sentences.

Mom. Faith where I must be again presently. I can-
not stay long with you my deere Neece.

Eng. By

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Eu. By my faith but you shall my Lorde, Gods pittie what wil become of you shortly, that you driue maids afore you, & offer to leaue widowes behind you, as mankindelie, as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke.

Mom. Gods my life, She abuses her best vnkle; neuer trust mee if it were not a good reuenge to helpe her to the losse of her widow head.

Eu. That were a reuenge and a halfe, indeed.

Mom. Nay twere but a whole reuenge. Neece, but such a reuenge as woulde more then obserue the true rule of a reuenge.

Eu. I know your rule before you vtter it, *Vlciscere Inimico sed sine tuo incommodo.*

Mom. O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to bee a scholler now, Learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or Lustre in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent

Eng. But say deere Vnkle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me.

Mom. VVhy alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull-widdowes three-yeeres blacke weede, that I neuer come to you, but I dreame of Courtes, and Sepulchres, and Epitaths, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

Eng. Beshrew my hearte my Lorde, if you goe thois three houres.

Mom. Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three houres (alone in her chamber) with an Lady so neere alide to me, I am verie idle ifaith, marie with such an other, I woulde daunce, one, two, three, foure, and fife, tho it cost me tenne shillings; and now I am in, haue at it, my head must deuise something while my feet are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is only a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his mind. |

Eng. Come, Come, pray tell me vnkle, how does my
cosen

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Cosen Momford?

Mom. VVhy, well, verie well Neece, & so is my friend *Clarence* well too, & then is there a worthie gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

Eng. But when did you see my Cosen?

Mom. And tis pittie but he should do well, and he shall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eng. VVhat meanes hee by this trojee, your Lo: is verie dancitue me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tel you a thing would make your Ladiship verie dancitue, or else it were verie dunsatiue yfaith, O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moues the blockhead heart of a woman, & indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the mind.

Eng. But I pray tell me my Lord could you tell me of a thing would make me dance say you?

Mom. VVel, farewell sweet Neece I must needs take my leaue in earnest.

Eng. Lord bleſſe vs, heres such a stir with your farewels.

Mom. I will see you againe within these two or three dayes a my woord Neece.

Eng. Gods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a marualous strange humor. Sit downe sweet Vnckle, yfaith I haue to talke with you about greates matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, bee shorte vtter your mind quickly now.

Eng. But I pray tell me first, whats that would make me daunce yfaith?

Mom. Daunce, what daunce? hether to your dauncers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and Ierke, and Firke, and dandle the bodie about them, as it were their great childe, though the speciall Ierker bee about this place I hope, here lies that shudd fetch a perfect woman ouer the Coles yfaith.

Eng. Nay good Vnckle say whats the thing you could

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

could tel me of.

Mom. No matter, no matter: But let mee see a passing prosperous forehead of an exceeding happie distance betwixt the eye browes; a cleere lightning eye; a temperate and freshe bloud in both the cheekes; excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

Eng. VVhy, how now Vnckle did you neuer see mee before?

Mom. Yes Neece; but the state of these thinges at this instant must bee specially obserued, and these outward signs being now in this cleere eleuation, shewe your vntroubled mind is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a litle deere Neece.

Eng. This is excellent,

Mom. The Creses here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart about it most exceeding good. Neuer trust me, if all things bee not answerable to the predictiō of a most diuine fortune towards her; uow if shee haue the grace to apprehend it in the nickes; thers all.

Eng. VVell my Lorde, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discouerie, you may much pleasure mee, and whole concealement may hurt my estate. And if you bee no kinder then to see mee so indangered; ile bee very patient of it I assure you.

Mom. Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kind coniuration euen fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your Iudgment togeather, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my Soule then my friēd *Clarence* of too substantiall a worth, to haue any figures cast about him, (notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreemely in loue; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the world of you both.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

*Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior equi
Vir fuit, aut illa reuerentior vlla Dearum.*

Eng. Ayme poore Dame, O you amase me Vnckle,
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage?
VVhat man may miserable women trust?

Mom. O peace good Ladie, I come not to rauishe
you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my mo-
tion: I perceiue (how vpon true triall) you esteeme me.
Haue I ridd al this Circuite to leuie the powers of your
Iudgment, that I might not prooue their strength too
sodainly with so violent a charge: And doe they fight it
out in white bloud. And shoue me their hearts in the
soft Christall of reares

Eng. O vnckle you haue wounded your selfe in charg-
ing me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it
woulde not weepe; I place the poore felicitie of this
worlde in a woorthie friende, and to see him so vnwor-
thely reuolted, I shedd not the teares of my Brayne, but
the teares of my soule. And if euer nature made teares
the effects of any worthie cause, I am sure I now shedde
them worthelie.

Mom. Her sensuall powers are vpyfaith, I haue thrust
her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes va-*
cans when her subiects are priueledged to libell against
her, and her friends. But weeps my kind Neece for the
wounds of my friendshippe? and I toucht in friendship
for wishing my friende doubled in her singular happi-
nesse?

Eng. How am I doubl'd? when my honour, and good
name, two essentiall parts of mee; woulde bee lesse, and
lost?

Mom. In whose Iudgment?

Eng. In the iudgment of the world.

Mom. Which is a fooles bout. *Nihil a vertute nec a
viritate remotius quam Vulgaris opinio*: But my deare Neece,

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

it is most true that your honour and good name tendered as they are the species of truth are worthilie two essentiall parts of you; But as they consist only in ayrie titles and corruptible blood (whose bitternes *sanitas* *et non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternitie. And yet shal no nobilitie you haue in either, be impaired neither.

Eu. Not to marrie a poore gentleman?

Mom. Respect him not so; for as he is a gentleman he is noble; as he is welthilie furnished with true knowledge, he is rich and therein adorn'd with the exact complements belonging to euerlasting noblenesse.

Eng. Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke; Such kinde of noblenesse giues no cotes of honour nor can scarce gette a cote for necessitie

Mom. Then is it not substantiall knoweledge (as it is in him) but verball and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa fille complexu tenet.*

Eng. VVhy seekes he me then?

Mom. To make you ioynt partners with him in all thinges, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that vniuersall ioynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neer our eye keepes it fro the whole Spheare of the Sunne but; could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt vs and it, it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

Eng. Good Vnckle be content for now shall I neuer dreame of contentment.

Mom. I haue more then done Ladie, and had rather haue suffer'd an alteration of my being then of your Iudgement; but (deere neece) for your owne honour sake repaire it instantly.

Enter Hippolita, Penelope. Jack. Will.

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day one deare loue and be sodainely cheerefull.

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

full God saue you more then faire Ladies, I am glad
your come, for my busines will haue me gone pre-
sently.

Hp. VVhy my Lord *Momford* I say? wil you goe be-
fore dinner?

Mom. No remedie sweete *Bewties*, for which rude-
nesse I lay my hands thus lowe for your pardons:

Pen. O Courteous Lord *Momford*!

Mom. Neece?

Mens estque sola quictos.

Sola facis claros mens emque honoribus ornat *exii*

Eng. *Verus honor lauas at mendax infamia terret.*

Mon. Mine owne deare nephew?

Cl. VVhat successe my Lord?

Mom. Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee
all. *exiunt*

Hp. Doe you heare madam, how our youthes here
haue guld our three suiters?

Eng. not I Ladie, I hope our suiters are no fit meat
for our Pages.

Pe. No madam, but they are fit sawce for anie
mans meat Ile warrant them.

Eng. VVhat's the matter *Hippolita*?

Hp. They haue sent the knightes to *Barnet* madam
this frostie morning to meete vs their.

Eng. Ist true youths, are knights fit subiects for your
knaueries?

Wil. Pray pardon vs madam, we would be glad to
please anie body.

Ia. I indeed madam and we were sure we pleas'd the
highly to tell the you were desirous of their companie.

Hp. O twas good *Eugenia*, their liuers were too hot,
you know, and for temper sake they must needes haue
a cooling carde plaid vpon them.

Wil. And besides madam we wood haue them knowe
that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe

Sir Gylas Goosecappe.

then two leaues, haue more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

Ia. I faith *Will*, and putt their great pagicall index to them too.

Hip. But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

Will We doubt not madam, but if it please your Ladiship to put vp their abuses,

Ia. Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you may.

Will Wee shall make them gladly furnishe their pockets with them.

Hip. VVell, children, and foules, agree as you will, and let the world knowe now, women haue nothing to doe with you.

Pe. Come madam I thinke your dinner bee almost readie,

Enter Tales Kingcob.

Hip. And see, here are two honorable guesstes for you, the Lord *Tales*, and Sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

Ta. Lacke you any guessts madam?

Eu. I my Lord such guessts as you.

Hip Theres as common an answere, as yours was a question my Lord.

King. VVhy: al things shoold be comon betwixt Lords, and Ladies you know.

Pen. Indeed Sir *Kuttberd Bingcob*, I haue heard, you are either of the familie of *Loue*, or of no religion at all.

Eng. Hee may well be said to be of the family of *Loue*, he does so flowe in the loues of poore ouerthrowne Ladies.

King. You speake of that I wood doe madam, but in earnest, I am now suing for a newe mistres; looke in my hand sweet *Ladie*, and tell mee what fortune I shall haue with her.

Eng. Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

King. Pardon mee Madam, but I know you to bee learnd in all things.

Eng. Come on lets see.

Hip. He

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Hip. He does you a speciall fauour *Ladie*, to giue you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

King. VVhat find you in it madame.

Eug. Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

King. VVhat now *Ladie*?

Eug. Y'au the worst hand that euer I saw knight haue, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shut one can get nothing out ont.

King. The age of letting goe is past madam, wee must not now let goe, but strike vp mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

Eug. A good Cornish principle belieue it *Sir Cuttberd.*
Tales But I pray tell me *Ladie Penelope*, how entertaine you the loue of my Cosen *Sir Gyles Gooscappe*.

Pene. Are the *Gooscaps* akin to you my Lord.

Ta. Fuen in the first degree madam. And *Sir Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is composd of as many good parts as any knight in England.

Hip. He shood be put vp for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

Ta. Ile doe the best I can *Ladie*, first, hee daunces as comely and lightly as any man, for vpon my honour, I haue seene him daunce vpou Egges, and a has not broken them.

Pen. Nor crackt them neither.

Ta. That I know not, indeed I wood bee loath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

Eug. VVell forth my Lord.

Ta. He has an excelēt skil in al maner of perfumes, & if you bring him glones fro fortie pence, to forty Shillings a paire he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

Hip. A prettie sweet qualitie beliene me.

Tales Nay *Ladie* hee will perfume you glones him selfe; most delicately, and giue t hem the right Spanish Titillation.

Pene. Titillation

Sir Gyles Goosecappe,

Titillation whats that my Lord?

Tal. VVhy Ladie tis a pretty kinde of terme newe come vp in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded my Lord; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

Tal. Hee is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle worke edgings, and French purles from an Angell to foure Angells a yearde.

Eng. Thats pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grewe in the verie place, and being a delicate perfumer, hee will giue it you his perfect and naturall sauor,

Hip. This is wonderful; forth sweet Lord *Tales.*

Tal. He will make you flyes and wormes, of all sortes most liuely, and is now working a whole bed embrodded, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lightes a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

Penc. Neuer trust me if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

Tal. Hee is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with Libberdes faces, and Lyons heades with spoutes in their mouthes, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

Eng. Forth good Lord *Tales.*

Penc. Nay good my Lord no more, you haue spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

Hip. I lay my life *Cupid* has shott my sister in loue with him out of your lipps my Lord.

Eng. VVel, come in my Lords, and take a bad dinner with me now, and wee will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lord, and Ladie *Furnifall.*

King. Tale. VVe attend you honorable Ladies.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter Rudeſby Goosecappe.

Rud. Bullaker.

Bul. I Sir,

Rud. Ride and catch the Captaines horſe.

Bul. So I doe Sir.

*Rud. I wonder Sir Gyles you wood let him goe ſoe,
and not ride after him.*

*Goof. VVood I might neuer be mortall Sir Carr: if
I ridd not after him, till my horſe ſweat, ſo that he had
nere a drie thread on him, & hollod & hollod to him to
ſtay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood haue
gon off with hollowings; Ile be ſworn to ye & yet he ran
his way like a *Diogenes*, and would neuer ſtay for vs.*

*Rud. How ſhall wee doe to get the lame Captaine to
London, now his horſe is gone?*

*Goof. Why hee is but a lame Iade neither Sir Meyle,
we ſhal ſoone our take him I warrant ye.*

*Rud. And yet thou ſaiſt thou gallopiſt after him as
faſt as thou coodſt, and coodſt not Catch him; I lay
my life ſome Crabfiſhe has bitten thee by the tongue,
thou ſpeakeſt ſo backward ſtill.*

*Goof. But heres all the doubt Sir Carr: if nobo-
die ſhoold catch him now, when hee comes at London,
ſome boy or other wood get vppe on him and ride
him horre into the water to waſhe him; Ile be
ſworne I followed one that ridd my horſe into the
Thames, till I was vppe tooth knees hetherto; and
if it had not beene for feare of going ouer ſhoes,
becauſe I am troubled with the rheume, I wood
haue taught him to waſhe my horſe when hee was*

Enter Foul.

*hott yfath; how now ſweet Captaine doſt feele any eaſe
in thy payne yet?*

Eaſe

Sir Gyles Goofecappe.

Rud. Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele ease in paine I thinke, but wood anyasse in the world ride downe such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and neuer light

Foul. Gods pretious Sir *Cut.* your Frenchman neuer lights I tell ye.

Goof. Light Sir *Cut.* Slight and I had my horse again, theres nere a paltrie English frost an them all shood make me light.

Rud. Goe too you French Zanies you, you wil follow the french steps so long, till you be not able to set one Sound Steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Goof. Why Sir *Cut* I care not if I be not sound so I be well but we were iustly plagde, by this hill for following women thus.

Foul. I and English weomen too sir *Gyles.*

Rud. Thou arr still prating against English women I haue scene none of the French dames I confesse, but your greatest gallants for men in *France*, were here lately I am sure, and methinkes there should be no more difference betwixt our Ladies and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lordes and theirs, and our Lords are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtshippe, as they are beyond ours for phantasticalitie.

Foul. O Lord sir *Cut.* I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tack for Courtshippe, and yet the french Lodrs put them downe, you noted it sir *Gyles.*

Goof. O God sir, I stud and heard it, as I sat ith presence.

Rud. How did they put them downe I pray thee?

Foul. Why for wit, and for Courtshippe Sir *Moile.*

Foul. As how good lefthanded *Francois.*

Foul. VVhy Sir when *Meuusieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Ladie *Hippolita* as she sate in the presence, sitt downe here good Sir *Gyles Goofecappe*, hee kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint French *Art* in his speech of ah *belissime*, I desire to die now saies hee for
your

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

in his speech of ah *bellissime* I desire to die now saies he for your loue that I might be buried here.

Rud. A good pick-thacht complement by my faith; but I prethee what answer'd she.

Foul. She, I scorne to note that I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood haue put the third hah to it, if I had been as my mitris, and hah, hah, hah: him out of the presence yfaith,

Foul. Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *Fraunce*, they wood renewe all our ciuill-wars againe.

Goose. That was not so good me thinkes captaine.

Rud. Welliudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that I must cōfesse, but she put him down far, & answered him with a questiō & that was whether he wood seem a loue or a iester, if a loue a must tel her far more lykeliier then those, or else she was far frō belieuing thē, if a iester, she cood haue much more ridiculous iests then his of twenty fooles that followed the court, and told him she had as lieue be courted with a brush faggot as with a frēchman, that spēt it selfe al in sparks, & would sooner fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such sparkes were good enough yet to set thatcht dispositiōs a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respected thē as sleightly.

Goose. VVhy so Captaine, and yet you talke of your great frenchmen, to God little England had neuer knowne them I may say.

Foul. VVhat's the matter sir *Giles*, are you out of loue with frenchmen now of a sodaine.

Goose. Slydd captaine VVood not make one, Ile be sworne, Ile be sworne, they tooke away a mastie dogge of mine by commission now, I thinke on't makes my teares stand in my eyes with greefe, I had rather lost the dearest friend that euer I lay withal, in my life be this light, neuer stir if

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

If hee fought not with great *Seherston* foure hours to one,
foremoste take vp hindmoste, and tooke so many loaues
from him, that hee sterud him presently: So at last the
dogg good doe no more then a Beare good doe, and the
beare being heaue with hunger you know, fell vppon
the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge neuer stird
more.

Rud. VVhy thou saist the frenchmen tooke him away.

Goof. Frenchmen, I, so they did too, but yet and hee
had not bin kild, twood nere a greend me.

Foul. O excellent vnitie of speach.

Enter Will and Iacke at severall doores.

Will Saue ye knights.

Ia. Saue you Captaine.

Faul. Pages, welcome my fine pages.

Rud. Welcome boyes.

Goof. VVelcome sweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

Foul. But how chaunce you are so farre from London
now pages, is it not almost dinner time.

Will Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for
once, and eood not chuse in pure loue to your worships,
but we must needs come and meet you, before you mett
our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

Omnes A secrett, what secret I pray thee?

Ia. If euer your worships say any thing, we are vndone
for euer.

Omnes Not for a world beleue it.

Will VVhy then this it is, wee ouerheard our Ladies
as they were talking in priuate say they refufde to meet
you at *Barnet* this morning. of purpose, because they
wood try which of you were most patient.

Ia. And some said you, *Sir Gyles*, another you *Sir*
and the third you Captaine,

Om. This was excellent.

Will Then did they sweare one another not to excuse
themselues to you by any meanes, that they might trie
you the better, now if they shal see you say nothing in the
world

Sir Gyles Goosescappe.

world to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to trie their suters once, I hope your wisdomes can iudge a little.

Foul. O ho my little knaue let vs alone now yfaith, woud I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

Rud. Faith and I can forbear my Tongue as well as another I hope.

Goof. VVoud I might be degraded if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

Foul. Come knights shall we not reward the pages?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, Sir *Gyles* giuethe boyes something.

Goof. Neuer stirre Sir *Cutts*, if I haue euer a groat about me but one three pence.

Foul. VVell knights ile lay out fors all, here my fine pages.

Will. No in deed ant please your worshippe.

Foul. O pages refuse a gentlemans bountie.

Ia. Crie you mercy Sir, thanke you sweete Captaine

Foul. And what other newes is stirring my fine villiacos.

Will. Marrie Sir they are inuited to a greate supper to night to your Lords house Captaine, the Lord *Furnisfall*, and there will bee your great cosen Sir *Gyles Goosescappe*, the Lorde *Tales*, and your vnckle Sir *Cutts*. *Rudestby*, Sir *Cusbert Kingcob*.

Foul. The Lord *Tales*, what countriman is hee?

Ia. A kentish Lord Sir, his auncestors came forth off *Canterburie*.

Foul. Out of *Canterburie*.

Will. I indeed Sir the best *Tales* in England are your *Canterburie tales*, I assure ye.

Rud. the boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. Hee writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and hee being the tenth sonne his father had; his father Christned him *Decem Tales*, and so his whole name is the

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Lord Debenham Tallest in the land, and bravest in the field.

Goose. A my mortalitie the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

Rud. But is the *Ladie Furnfull* (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be.

Foul. Still of the same knight, and is neuer in any sociable vaine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietie shee is madd, and feares my good little old Lord out of all proportion.

King. And therefore as I hear he will earnestly inuite guesstes to his house, of purpose to make his wife drunk, and then dotes on her humor most prophanely.

Foul. Tis very true knight; wee will suppe with them to night; and you shall see her; and now I thinke ont, ile tell you a thing knights, wherein perhaps you may exceedinly pleasure me.

Goose. VVhats that good Captain.

Foul. I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merrie Foole, & if I cood help him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

Rud. Sblood thou speakest to vs as if wee cood serue thy turne.

Foul. O *Fraunce* Sir *Cutts*: your Frenchman wood not haue taken me so, for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merrie

Rud. As thou doost.

Goose. Nay good Sir *Cutts*: you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare with Choller Sir *Gyles*.

Will. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir.

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

Ja. You mean a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wench?

Foul. Nay I wood haue a man foole, for his Lord: page.

Will. Does his Lord: loue a foole, so wel I pray.

Foul. Assure thy selfe page, my Lord loues a foole as

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

he loues himselfe.

Ia. Of what degree wood you haue your Foole Sir, for you may haue of all manner of degrees.

Foul. Faith I wood haue him a good Emphaticall foole, one that wood make my Lorde laugh well, and I carde not,

Will. Laugh well (vm) then wee must know this Sir, is your Lorde Costiue of laughter, or laxatiue of laughter?

Foul. Nay he is good merrie little Lorde, and indeed something Laxatiue of Laughter.

Will. Why then Sir the lesse witt will serue his Lordships turne, marrie if he had bin Costiue of laughter, hee must haue had two or three drams of witt the more in his foole, for we must minister according to the quantity of his Lord: humor you know, and if he should haue as much Witt in his foole being Laxatiue of laughter, as if hee were Costiue of Laughter, why he might laugh himsele into an *Epilepsie*, and fall down dead sodainly, as many haue done with the extremitie of that passion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a foole.

Foul. Thart ith right my notable good page.

Ia. Why, and for that health Sir we will warrant his Lordship, that if he should haue all *Bacon de sanitate tuenda* reade to him, it should not please his Lordship so well as our foole shall.

Foul. Remercy my more then English pages.

Geof. A my word I haue not seene pages haue so much witt, that haue neuer bin in Fraunce Captain.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almost french Elixers. will you helpe my Lord to a foole, so fitt for him as you say.

Will. As fitt, Ile warrant you Captain, as if he were made for him, and hee shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord sits at table.

Foul. Excellent fitt, faile not now my sweet pages.

Ia. Not

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Ia. Not for a world sir, we will goe both, and seeke him presently.

Foul. Doe so my good wagges

Wil. Saue you knights.

Ia. Saue you Captaine.

Exeunt.

Foul. Farewell my prettie knaues, come knights, shall we resolute to goe to this Supper?

Rud. VVhat else.

Goof. And let's prouide torches for our men to sit at dore with all captaine.

Foul. That we will I warrant you sir *Giles.*

Rud. Torches? why the Moone will shine man.

Goof. The moone Sir *Cut:* I scorne the moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man shal not get her to shine & if he wood giue her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be white too, God for giue me I cud neuer abide her since yesterday, she seru'de me such a trick tother night.

Rud. VVhat trick sir *Giles?*

Goof. VVhy sir *Cut:* cause the daies be mortall and short now you knowe, and I loue daie light well, I thought it went a waie faster then it needed, and run after it into *Finsburie*-fieldes ith calme euening to see the winde-mills goe; & euen as I was going ouer a ditch the moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch by heauen.

Rud. That was ill done in her in deed sir *Giles.*

Goof. Ill done sir *Cut:* Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but and she haue noe more good manners, but to make euery black slouely cloude a pearle in her eye I shall nere loue English moone againe, while I liue yle besworne to ye.

Foul. come knights to London horse, horse, horse.

Rud. In what a case he is with the poore English moone, because the french moones (their torches) will be

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

be the lesse in fashion, and I warrant you the Captaine will remember it too, tho hee say no thing, hee secends his resolute chafers and followes him, Ile lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the moonshine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doores all night. I discredit my witt with their companies now I thinke on't, plague a god on them, Ile fall a beating on them presently.

Exit.

Enter Lorde Monford and Clarence.

Clarence Horatio.

Cla. Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh and write.
According to my master *Platos* minde
The Soule is musick, and doth therefore ioy
In accents musicall, which he that hates
VVith points of discorde is together tyed
And barks at *Reason*, Consonant in sence.
Divine *Eugenia*, beares the secular forme
Of musicke and of *Reason*, and presents
The Soule exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd,
Who must not loue hir then, that loues his soule?
To her I write, my friend, the starie of friends
VVil needs haue my strange lines greet her strange eies
And for his sake ile powre my poore Soule forth
In floods of Inke; but did not his kind hand
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume.
In the white flames of her impassionate Loue
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze,
For I am desperate of all worldly Ioyes
And there was neuer man so harsh to men,
VVhen I am fullest of digested life
I seeme a luelesse *Embriou* to all
Each day rackt vp in nightlike Funerall.
Sing good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh and write.

Canto.

The

Sir Gyles Gaoscappe.

The Letter.

Suffer him to loue that suffers not louing, my loue is
without passion and therefore free from alteration.

Prose is too harsh, and verse is poetrie

V Why shood I write then merrit clad in Inke

Is but a mourner, and as good as naked

I will not write my friend shall speake for me

Sing one staue more my good Horatio.

Canto.

I must remember I knowe whom I loue,

Adame of learning, and of life exempt

From all the Idle fancies of her sex,

And this that to an other dame wood seeme

Perplext and foulded in a rudelesse vaile

Wilbe more cleere then ballads to her eye

Ile write, if but to satisfie my friend.

Your third staue sweet Horatio and no more.

Canto.

How vainely doe I offer my strange loue?

I marrie, and bid states, and entertaine

Ladies with tales and iests, and Lords with newes

And keepe a house to feast Aleons hounds

That eate their maister, and let ydell guests

Drawe me from serious search of things diuine

To bid them sit, and welcome, and take care

To sooth their palats with choyce kytchin-stuff

As all must doe that marrie and keepe house

And then looke on the left sid of my yoake.

Or on the right perhaps and see my wife

Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me

Busied to starch her french puries, and her puffs

When I am in my *Anima reflexa*

quid sit felicitas. quae origo rerum?

And make theie beings that are knowne to be

The onely serious obiects of true men

Seeme shadowes, with substanti al. Itir she keepes

About her shadowes, which if husbands loue

the

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

They must belieue, and thus my other selfe
Brings me another bodie to dispose
That haue alreadie much too much of one,
And must not looke for any Soule of her
To helpe two rule to bodies.

Mom. Fie for shame,

I neuer heard of such an antedame.

Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?

VVhy friend they either are mens soules themselves

Or the most wittie Imitatrixes of them

Or prettiest sweet apes of humane Soules,

That euer Nature fram'd; as I will proue,

For first they be *Substantia lucida*

And purer then mens bodies like their soules,

VVhich mens harsh haire both of their brest & chinne

Occasiond by their grosse and ruder heate

Plainely demonstrates: Then like soules they doe,

Mouere corpora, for no power on earth

Moues a mans bodie, as a woman does!

Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*

Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:

For but for women, who wood care for formes?

I vowe I neuer wood washe face, nor hands

Nor care how ragg'd, or flouenlie I went

VVer't not for women, who of all mens pompes

Are the true finall causes: Then they make

Men in their Seedes imortall like their Soules

That els wood perish in a spanne of time,

Oh they be Soulelike-Creatures, and my Neece

The Soule of twentie rare Soules stild in one.

Cla. That, that it is my Lord, that makes me loue.

Mom. Oh are ye come Sir, welcome to my Neece

As I may say at midnight gentle friend

What haue you wrott I pray?

Cla. Strange stufte my Lord.

Mom. Indeed the way to belieue is to loue

And the right way to loue is to belieue,

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

This I will carry now with pen and Incke
For her to vse in answer, see, sweet friend
She shall not stay to call, but while the Steele
Of her affection is made softe and hott,
Ile strike and take occasion by the browe.
Blest is the wooing thats nor long a dooing. *Exit.*

Cl. Had euer man so true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour and iudiciall loue
VVood suffer such a flourishing pyne in both
To ouerlook the boxe-trees of this time?
VVhen the learned mind hath by impulsion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame.
No elementall smoke can darken it.
Nor Northern coldnes nyppe her *Daphnean* flower,
O sacred friendshippe thanks to thy kind power
That being retir'd from all the faithles worlde
Appearst to me in my vnworldly friend,
And for thine owne sake let his noble mind
By mouing presedent to all his kind
(Like iust *Deucalion*) of earths stonie bones
Repaire the world with humane bloud and flesh
And dying vertue with new life refresh. *Exit.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolita, Penelope, Warrisfred.

King. Tis time to leaue your Chests Ladies tis too
studious an exercise after dinner.

Tal. Why is it cal'd Chests?

Hip. Because they leane vpon their Chests that
play at it.

Tal. I wood haue it cald the strife of wittes, for tis a
game so wittie, that with strife for maisterie, wee hunt it
eagerly.

Eug. Specially.

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

Eng. Specially where the wit of the *Gooscappe* are in chase my Lord.

Tal. I am a *Gooscappe* by the mothers side madam, at least my mother was a *Gooscappe*.

Pen. And you were her white sonne, I warrant my Lord.

Tal. I was the yongest Ladie, and therefore must be her white sonne ye know, the youngest of tenne I was.

Hip. And the wisest of Fiftene.

Tal. And sweet Ladie will ye cast a kinde eye now vpon my Cousin, Sir *Gyles Gooscappe*.

Pen. Pardon my Lord I haue neuer a spare eye to cast away I assure ye.

Tal. I wonder you shood Count it cast away Ladie vpon him, doe you remember those fewe of his good partes I rehearst to you.

Pen. Verie perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England, pray lets see some of his worke?

Hip. Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

Tal. You shall a mine honour Ladie.

Eng. Hees a goodly greate knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettelie.

King. From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle, he shall play with any knight in England Ladie.

Eng. But not e conuerso, from the Spanish needle to the Spanish pike.

King. I thinke he be too wise for that indeed madam, for he has 20. miles length in land lies togeather, and hee wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a pike.

Hip. But no man commends my blount Seruant Sir *Curr Radesby* methinks.

King. Hee is a kind gentleman Ladie though hee bee blunt, and is of this humor, the more you presume vpon him without Ceremonie, the more

Sir Gyles Gascoigne.

bedones you, if he knowe you thinke him kinde once and will say nothing but still vse him, you may melt him into any kindenesse you will, he is right like a woman, and had rather, you shood bluntlie take the greatest fauour you can of him, then shamefully intreat it.

Eug. He saies wel to you *Hippolita.*

Hip. I madam, but they saie, he will beat one in Iest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in Courtshippe.

King. Some that he makes sport withall perhappes, but none that he respects Laffureye.

Hip. And wha'ts his liuing *for Cuibeard?*

King. Some two thousand a yeare *Ladie.*

Hip. I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I stand not vpon liuing.

King. O Good Ladiewho can liue without liuing?

Enter Moniford.

Mom. Still heere Lordings? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

Tal. Vittles, my Lord, I hope we haue vittles at home.

Mom. I but sweet Lord, there is a principle in the Politicians phisicke, that not your meat vpon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfits of your owne colle manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home ye know. And how faire my noble Neece now, and her faire Ladie Feeres?

Eug. VVhat winde blowes you hether t'ree?

Mom. Harke you madam, the sweet gale of one Clares breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

Eug. Aye me fil, in that humor? bestrowe my hart if I take anie Papers from him.

Mom. Kinde besome doe thou take it then.

Eug. Nay.

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Eng. Nay then neuer trust me.

Mom. Let it fall then, or cast it awaie you were best, that euerie bodie may discouer your loue suits, doe; theres sombody neare if you note it, and how haue you spent the time since dinner nobles?

King. At chests my Lords,

Mom. Read it neece.

Eng. Heere beare it backe I pray.

Mom. I beare you on my backe to heare you; and how play the Ladies sir *Cuthbert*, what men doe they play best withall, with knights or rookes?

Tal. With knights my Lord.

Mom. T'is pittie their boord is no broader, and that some men caled guls are not added to their game

King. Why my Lo it needs not, they make the knights guls.

Mom. Thats pretty sir *Cuthbert*; you haue begon I know Neece, forth I commaund you.

Eng. O yare a sweete vnckle.

Mom. I haue brought her a little *Greeke*, to helpe me out withal, and shes so coy of her learning for sooth she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies, I inuite you al to supper to night, and you shal not denie me.

All. VVe will attend your Lordshippe.

Tal. Come Ladies let's into the gallerie a little.

Mom. And now what saies mine owne deare neece yfaith?

Eng. VVhat shood she saie to the backside of a paper.

Mom. Come, come, I knowe you haue byn a'the bel-lie side.

Eng. Now was there euer Lord so prodigall, of his owne honor'd blood, and dignity?

Mom. Away with these lame horse faire alligations, will you answere the letter?

Eng. Gods my life you goe like a cuning spokes man,
man

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

man, answere vnckle? what doe ye thinke me desperate
of a husband

Mom. Not so neece, but carelesse of your poore vn-
kle.

Eng. I will not write that's cerraine.

Mom. VVhat wil you haue my friend and I perriish,
doe you thirst our bloods?

Eng. O yare in a mightie danger noe doubt
on't.

Mom. If you haue our bloods beware our ghostes I
can tell ye, come will ye write?

Eng. I will not write yfaith.

Mom. yfaith dame, then I must be your secretarie I
see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate and Ite
write,

Eng. If you write no otherwise then I
dictate, it will scarce proue a kinde answere I be-
leeue.

Mom. But you will be aduise I trust. Secretaries
are of counsaile with their countesses, thus it begins.
Suffer him to loue, that suffers not louing, what answere
you to that?

Eng. He loues extreamely that suffers not in loue.

Mom. He answeres you for that presentlie, his loue
is without passion, and therefore free from alteration,
for *Pats* you know is in *Alterationem labi*, he loues you
in his soule he tels you, wherein there is no passion, saie
dame what answere you.

Eng. Nay if I answere anie thing.

Mom. VVhy? verie well, ile answere for you.

Eng. You answere? shall I set my hand to your an-
swere?

Mom. I by my faith shall ye.

Eng. By my faith, but you shal answere as I wood haue
you then.

Mom. Alwaies put in with aduice of your secretarie,
neece, come, what answere you?

Eng. Since

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Eng. Since you needes will haue my Answer, Ile Answer briefly to the first, and last part of his letter.

Mom. Doe so Neece, and leaue the midst for himselfe a gods name, what is your answere?

Eng. I cannot but suffer you to loue, if you do loue.

Mom. Why very good, there it is, and will requit your loue; say you so?

Eng. Beshrowe my lipps then my Lord.

Mom. Beshrowe my fingers but you shall; what, you may promise to requite his loue, and yet not promise him marriage I hope; wel, and will requite your loue.

Eng. Nay good my Lord hold your hand, for ile bee sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

Mom. VVell hold of your hand good madam till it shood come on, Ile be readie for it anon, I warrant ye: now forth; my Loue is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, what answere you to that madam?

Eng. Euen this my Lorde, your Loue being mentall, needes no bodely Requital.

Mom. I am Content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

Eng. VVhat but in hart?

Mom. Hold of your hand yet I say, I doe embrace and repaie it,

Eng. You may write vnckle, but if you get my hand to it,

Mom. Alas Neece this is nothing, ist any thing to a bodely marriage, to say you loue a mā in Soule if your harts agree and your bodies meet not? simple marriage rites, now let vs foorth: hee is in the way to felicitie, and desires your hand.

Eng. My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie.

Mom. Very good, may not any woman say this now. Conclud now sweet Neece.

Eng. And so God prosper your Iourney.

Mom. Charitably concluded, though farre short of that loue I wood haue shouen to any friend of yours
Neece

*He writes and
she dictates.*

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Neece I sweare to you, your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite,

Eng. Read what you haue writ my Lord.

Mom. What needs that madam, you remember it I am sure.

Eng. Well if it want sence in the Composition, let my secretarie be blam'd for't, theirs my hand.

Mom. Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

Eng. VVhy now, more then before I pray?

Mom. That you shall see strait, I cannot but suffer you to loue if you doe loue and wil requite your loue.

Eng. Remember that requitall was of your own putting it, but it shal be after my fashion I warrant ye.

Mom. Interrupt me no more, your loue being mentoll needs no bodely requital, but in hart I embrace & repay it; my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicitie, and my selfe knit with you in the bandes of marriage euer walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our iourney:

Eugenia.

Eng. Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

Mom. By my life but it is Neece.

Eng. By my life but tis none of my deed then.

Mom. Doe you vse to set your hand to that which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too:

Eng. VVhy, this is plaine dishonoured deceit, Does all your truest kindnes end in lawe?

Mom. Haue patience Neece, for what so ere I say Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free loue Shall ioyn my friend and thee, or naught at al, By my friends loue, and by this kisse it shall.

Eng. VVhy, thus did false *Accontius* snare *Cydippe*.

Mom. Indeed deere loue his wile was something like And then tis no vnheard-of recherie That was enacted in a goddes Eye, *Accontius* worthe loue feard not *Diana*

Before

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Before whome he contriu'de this sweete deceite

Eng. VVel there you haue my hand, but ile besworne
I neuer did thing so against my will.

Mom. T'will proue the better madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your blood,
Raif'de with my motion bold and opposite
Deere neece suppe with me, and refresh your spirites:
I haue inuited your companions
VVith the two guests that dinde with you to daie,
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*
The Captaine, and his mates and (tho at night)
VVe will be merrie as the morning *Larke*.

Eng. No, no my Lord, you will haue *Clarence* there.

Mom. A las poore gentleman I must tell you now
Hees extreame sicke, and was so when he writt
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;
And for the world he cannot come abroade.

Eng. Is this the man that without passion loues

Mom. I doe not tell you he is sicke with loue;
Or if he be tis wilfull passion.

VVhich he doth choose to suffer for your sake
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,
Vppon my life he will not trouble you;
And therefore worthie neece faile not to come.

Eng. I will on that condition.

Mom. Tis perform'd: for were my friend well and
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your com-
panie, but one of you I must haue, or I die, oh such a
friend is worth a monarchie.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Furnifall, Rudsbie, Goose-
cappe, Fowlweather, Bullaker.*

Fur. Nay my gallants I will tell you more.

All. Forth good my Lord.

Fur. The eueing came and then our waxen stars
Sparkled about the heavenly court of Fraunce.
VVhen I then young and readiant as the sunne

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Gaueluster to those lampes, and curling thus
My golden foretoppe, stept into the presence,
Where set with other princely dames I found
The Countesse of *Lancaster* and her neece
VVho as I told you cast so fix'd an eye
On my behauiours talking with the king:

All True my good Lord.

Fur. They rose when I came in, and all the lights
Burnd dim for shame, when I stood vp and shind.

Foul. O most passionate description Sir *Cutts*:

Rud. True of a candles end.

Goof. The passingst description of a candle, that euer
liu'd Sir *Cutts*:

Fur. Yet aym'd I not at them, nor seem'd to note
VVhat grace they did me, but found courtly cause
To talke with an accomplisht gentleman
New come from *Italie*, in quest of newes.
I spake *Italian* with him.

Rud. What so young?

Fur. *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*

Foul. Slidd a cood speake it knight, at three yeare old.

Fur. Nay gentle Captaine doe not set me forth
I loue it not, in truth I loue it not.

Foul. Slight my Lord but truth is truth you know.

Goof. I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, &
I haue heard in *Fraunce*, they speake *French* as well,
as their mother tongue my Lord.

Fur. VVhy tis their mother tonge my noble knight:
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,
with that *Italionate Frenchman*, and tooke time
(Still as our conference seru'd) to shew my Courtship
In the three quarter legge, and setled looke,
The quick kille of the toppe of the forefinger
And other such exploytes of good Accost;
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes
VVith such attention that their fauours swarm'de

About

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

About my bosome, in my hart, mine eares,
In skarffes about my thighes, vpon mine armes
Thicke on my wrystes, and thicker on my hands,
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.

All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may vse your Courtship with lesse care
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike
A goodly Sammon, with a little line
VVe doe not tugge to hale her vp by force
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke loll;
But let her carelesse play alongt the streame
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

Foul. A my life a most rich comparison,

Goof. Neuer stirre, if it bee not a richer Caparison,
then my Lorde my Cosine wore at tilt, for that was bro-
dred with nothing but mooneshine ith the water, and
this has Samons in't; by heauen a most edible Capariso.

Ru. Odious thou woodst say, for Coparisons are odious.

Foul. So they are indeede sir *Cap.* all but my Lords.

Goof. Bee Caparisons odious Sir *Cap.* what like flow-
ers?

Rud. O asse they be odorous.

Goof. A botts at that stincking worde odorous, I
can neuer hitt on't.

Fur. And how like you my Court-counsaile gallants ha?

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent my Lord: & be-
leene it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts
downe all the Lords of the Court.

Fur. No good Captaine no.

(Courtship.

Foul. By Fraunce you doemy Lord for Emphaticall

Fur. For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe
somewhat.

Foul. Then does your merrie entertainment become
you so festifally, that you haue all the brauerie of a Saint
Georges day about ye when you vse it.

Fur. Nay thats too much in sadnes Captaine.

Goof. O good my Lord, let him prayse you, what so ere

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

it costs your Lordshippe.

Foul. I assure your Lordshippe your merrie behauiour does so festifally shoue vpon you, that euery high holliday when Ladies wood bee most bewtifull; euery one wishes to God shee were turnd into such a little Lord as you, when y'are merrie.

Goof. By this fire they doe my Lord, I haue heard am.

Fur. Marrie God forbid knight they shood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them amine honor.

Foul. Then for your Lordships quippes, & quick iests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them a my vertue

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Tha' st an excellent witt, and thou shalt haue Crownes amine honour, and now knights and Captain, the foole you told me off, do you al know him?

Goof. I know him best my Lord.

Fur. Doe you Sir Gyles, to him then good knight, & be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him vnto vs Sir Gyles; paint him liuely, liuely now, my good knightly boy.

Goof. Why my good Lord? hee will nere be long from vs, because we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Verie true,

Goof. And as soone as euer wee goe to dinner, and supper togeather,

Rud. Dinner and supper togeather, whens that troe?

Goof. A will come you in amongst vs, with his Cloake buttond, loose vnder his chinne.

Rud. Buttond loose my Lord?

Goof. I me Lord buttond loose still, and both the flaps cast ouer before, both his shoulders afore him.

Rud. Both shouldiers afore him?

Fur. From before him hee meanes; forth good Sir Gyles.

Goof. Like a potentate My Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potentate indeed.

Goof. For all the world like a Potentate S. *Cut:* ye know.

Rud. So

Si Giles Goosecappe.

Rad. So Sir.

Goof. All his beard nothing but haire.

Cud. Or something else.

Goof. Or something else as you say.

Foul. Excellent good.

Goof. His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenge alwaies in an vncleane hand kerchiffe very cleanly I warrant you my Lord.

Fur. A good neate foole Sir Gyles of mine honour.

Goof. Then his fine words that hee sets them in, con-
caticall, a fine Annisseede wenche foole vppon ticket
and so forth.

Fur. Passing strange wordes belieue me,

Goof. Knoth euery man at the table, though he neuer
saw him before, by sight and then will he foole you so
finely my Lorde, that hee will make your hart ake, till
your eyes runne ouer.

Fur. The best that euer I heard, gray mercy good
knight for thy merrie description, Captaine, I giue thee
twentie companies of commendations, neuer to bee
cathaird.

Enter Iacke and Will on the other side.

Am. Saue your Lordship,

Fur. My prettie cast of *Merlins*, what prophecies
with your little maistershippes?

Ia. Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the
worse our fortunes.

Foul. Why whats the matter pages?

Rad. How now my Ladies foylting hounds,

Goof. M. Iack, M. Iacke; how do ye M. William, frolick?
Will Nor so frolicke, as you left vs Sir Gyles.

Fur. VVhy wags, what news bring you a Gods name.

Ia. Heaue newes indeed my Lord, pray pardone vs.

Fur. Heaue newes? not possible your little bodies
cood bring am then, vnload those your heaue newes I
beseech ye?

Will. VVhy my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lord:
is thought too wise for you, and we dare not presēt him,

Goof. Slidd

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Goof. Slydd pages, youle not cheates of our foole wil ye?

Ia. VVhy sir *Giles*, hees too dogged and bitter for you in truth, we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the world laugh at vs.

Will. I indeed sir *Giles*, and he knowes you so wel too

Giles Knowe me i slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

Ia. Faith he begs you to be content sir *Giles*, for he wil not come.

Goof. Begg me i slight I wood I had knowne that, tother daie, I thought I had met him in Paules, & he had byn anie body elie but a piller, I wood haue runne him through by heauen, beg me?

Foul. He begges you to be content sir *Giles*, that is, he praies you.

Goof. O does he praise me, then I commend him.

Fur. Let this vnfitable foole goe sir *Giles*, we will make shift without him.

Goof. That we wil a my word my Lord, and haue him too for all this.

Wil. Doe not you say so sir *Giles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

Goof. Dead? Slight that cannot be man, I knowe he wood ha writ to me ont had byn so.

Fur. Quick or dead let him goe sir *Giles*.

Ia. I my Lord, for we haue better newes for you to harken after.

Fur. what are they my good Nouations?

Ia. My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lorchip and these knights and captaine to accompany the countesse *Eugenia* and the other two Ladies at his house at supper to night.

Wil. All desiring your Lo; to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

Fur. VVithall my hart waggess, and theirs amends; my harts, now set your courtshippe a the last, a the tainters, and pricke vp your selues for the Ladies.

Goofe. O

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Goof. O braue sir *Cut:* come let's prick vp the Ladies:

Fur. And wil not the knights two noble kinsemē be there?

Ia. Both will be their my Lord,

Fur. VVhy theres the whole knot of vs then, and there shall wee knocke vppe the whole triplicitie of your nuptials.

Goof. Ile make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.

Foul. And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

Fur. VVith tooth and naile Captaine, A my Lord.

Rua. Hang am Tytts ile pommell my selfe into am.

Ia. Your L^{dy}: your Cosin Sir *Gyles* has promist the Ladies they shall see you sowe,

Goof. Gods mee, wood I might neuer be mortall if I doe not carry my worke with me.

Fur. Doe so Sir *Gyles*, and withall vse meanes
To taint their high blouds with the shafte of Loue,
Sometimes a fingers motion woundes their minds;
A iest, a lecture, or a prettie laugh,
A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nick
VVound deepe, and sure, and let flie your gold
And we shall nuptialls haue. hold belly hold.

Goof. O rare Sir *Cut:* we shall eate nut-shells.
hold belly hold

Exeunt.

Ia. O pittifull knight, that koowes not nuptialls from nutshells.

Will. And now *Comme porte vous monsieur?*

Bul. *Porte bien vous remercy.*

Ia. VVe may see it indeed Sir, & you shall goe afore with vs.

Bul. No good *monsieurs.*

Will. Another Crashe in my Ladies Celler yfaith *monsieur.*

Bul. *Remercy de bon cuer monsieurs.*

Exeunt.

Enter

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Enter Clarence Momford.

(beames

Mom. How now my friend does not the knowing
That through thy comon sense glaunce through thy eyes
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire
And warme thy heart with a tryumphant fire?

Mom. My Lord I feele a treble happines
Mix in one soule, which proues how eminent
Things endlesse are aboue things temporall,
That are in bodies needefully confin'de;
I cannot suffer their dementions pierst
VVhere my immortall part admits expansure
Euen to the comprehension of two more
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. (friend?

Mom. As how my strange, and riddle-speaking

Cl. As thus my Lord, I feele my owne minds ioy
As it is leparate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other soule
Ioyn'de in direction to one end, like it,
And thirdly the contentment I enioy,
As we are ioyn'd that I shall worke that good
In such a noble spirit as your neece,
VVhich in my selfe I feele for absolute;
Each good minde dowbles his owne free content
VVhen in an others vse they giue it vent.

Mom. Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which shoue presents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wite worse then she seemes;
He tell thee plaine a secret which I knowe.
My neece doth vse to paint herselfe with white
VVhose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moues most:
Or of an answereable nice affect
To other of her modest qualities;
Because she woud not with the outward blaze
Of tempting bewtie tangle wanton eies;
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

Sir Gyles Goosecappe

VVhich construes thou wilt, I make it knowne
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth of my neere,
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

Cla. A ielous part of friendshippe you vtfold;
For was it euer seene that any dame
Wood chainge of choice a well mixt white and redd
For bloodles palenes, if she striu'd to moue?
Her painting then is to shunn motion,
But if she mended some defect with it
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;
(Which to supplie bare nature) Ladies weare?
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;
(If Nature made vs either lame or sick,)
VVe wood not seeke for sound lymmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?
So in a face if Nature be made lamer
Then Art can make it, is it more offence
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?
Who can giue instance where dames faces lost
The priuiledge their other parts may boast.

Mom. But our most Court receiued Poets saies
That painring is pure chastities abator.

Cla. That was to make vp a poore rime to Nature,
And farre from any Iudgment it confered
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes
And if in chastitie possesse the hart;
Not painting doth not face it, nor being cleare
Doth painting spot it,

Omne pulchrum naturaliter pulchrum.

For outward fairenes beares the diuine forme,
And moues beholders to the Act of loue;
And that which moues to loue is to be wisht
And eche thing simplie to be wisht is good.
So I conclud mere painting of the face
A fawfull and a commendable grace,

Mom. VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this

H

And

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see
Thy speach is farr exempt from flatterie,
And how illiterate custome grossely erres?
Almost in all traditions she prefers,
Since then the doubt I put thee of my neece,
Checks not thy doubtlesse loue, forth my deare friend,
And to all force to those impressions,
That now haue caru'd her phantasie with loue,
I haue invited her to supper heere.
And told her thou art most extreame lie sick,
VVhich thou shalt counterfeite with all thy skill,

Cl. VVhich is exceeding smale to counterfeite,

Mom. Practise a little, loue will teach it thee,
And then shall doctor *Versey* the phisitian,
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house.
VVith whome as thou confer'st of thy disease,
Ile bring my neece with all the Lords and Ladies.
VVithin your hearing vnder fauld'd pretext,
To shew the pictures that hang neere thy chamber,
VVhere when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there.
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,
And make her slide into thy opened armes.
Ladies, whome true worth cannot moue to ruth
Trew louers must deccue to shew their truth

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

ACTVS QVINTI SCENA PRIMA

*Enter Momford, Furnisall, Tates, Kingcob, Rudestie,
Goosecap, Featherer, Eugenia, Hippolita,
Penelope, Wamsyred.*

Mom. VVhere is Sir Gyles Goosecappe here?

Goof. Here my Lord.

Mom. Come forward knight 'tis you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honor,

Goof. A

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Goof: A little at once my Lorde for Idlenes sake.

Fur: Sir *Cue*, I say, to her captaine.

Penel: Come good seruant let's see what you worke.

Goof: VVhy looke you mistris I am makeing a fine drie sea, full of fishe, playing in the bottome, & here ile let in the water so liuely, that you shall heare it rore.

Eng: Not heare it Sir *Giles*.

Goof: Yes in sooth madam with your eyes.

Tal: I Ladie; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my knightlie cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare seemes to take part with it.

Hip: That's a verie good reason my Lord.

Mom. VVhat a let it is, to heare how seriouſlie he strives to make his foolish kinsmans answers wise ones.

Pen: VVhat shall this be seruant?

Goof: This shall be a great whale mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge hils of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him mistris, for he shalbe ſike and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be nere so liuely.

Pen. Thanke you good seruant.

Tal: Doe not thinke Ladie, but he had need tell you this a forehand for a mine honor, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so liuely, that at the first sight I started at it.

Mom. The monster *Caucasus* my Lord? *Caucasus* is a mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

Tal: *Cacus* indeede my Lorde, crie you mercie.

Goof: Heere ile take out your eye, and you wil mistris.

Pen: No by my faith Seruant t'is better in

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Goof. VVhy Ladie, Ile but take it out in iest, in earnest.

Pen. No, something else there, good seruant.

Goof. VVhy then here shall be a Camell, and he shall haue hornes, and he shall looke (for al the world) like a maide without a husband.

Hip. O bitter sir *Giles*.

Tal. Nay he has a drie wit Ladie I can tell ye.

Pen. He bobd me there indeede my Lord.

Faw. Marry him sweet Lady, to answere his bitter bob.

King. So she maie answere him with hornes indeed.

Eug. See what a pretie worke he weares in his boote-hose.

Hip. Did you worke them your selfe sir *Giles*, or buy them?

Goof. I bought am for nothing madam in th'ex-
ange

Eug. Bought am for nothing.

Tal. Indeed madam in th'exchange they so honor him for his worke that they will take nothing for anie thing he buies on am; but wheres the rich nightcappe you wroght colen; if it had not byn too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that euer I sawe.

Goof. VVhy my Lord, t'was biggenough, when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you knowe.

Tal. Indeepe the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he needes weare vpon his head.

Eug. You speake for your kinsman the best, that euer I heard my Lord.

Goof. But I beleeue madam, my Lord my colen has not told you all my good parts.

Tal. I told him so I warrant you colen.

Hip. VVhat doe you thinke he left out Sir
Giles?

Goof. Marrie madam I can take tobacco now, and I haue bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better
then

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

then all the burning glasses ith world,

Eng. Glowe-wormes fir Gyles will they make it burned.

Goof. O od madam I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpose, Ile be sworn they eat me fire faggots a-weeke in charcoale.

Tal: Nay he has the strangest deuices Ladies that euer you heard I warrant ye.

Fur: That's a strange device indeed my Lord.

Hip: But your sowing fir Gyles is a more gentlewo-man-like qualitie I assure you.

Pen: O farr away, for now seruant, you neede neuer marrie, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

Goof: Nay indeede mistris I wood faine marrie for all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

Pen: Let's heare it good seruant.

Goof: VVhy madam we haue a great match at foot-ball towards, married men against batchellers, & the married men be al my friends, so I wood faine marrie to take the married mens parts in truth.

Hip: The best reason for marriage that euer I heard fir Gyles.

Goof: I pray will you keepe my worke a little mistris; I must needes fir aine a little courtie in truth.

Exit Sir Gyles.

Hip: Gods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

Rud: Come, come, you heare not me dame.

Fur: VVell said fir *Chr*, to her now we shall heare fresh courting.

Hip: A las fir *Chr*, you are not worth the heari ng, euery bod:e saies you cannot loue, how soeuer you talke on'r.

Rud: Not loue dame? slydd what argument woodst haue of my loue tro? let me looke as redde as scarlet a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy bewtie, doe not white me like a sheppards holland I am a lewe to my Creator.

Hip: O

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

Hip. O excellent.

Rud. Let mee burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turnd the verie heart in my bellie, and made mee readie to bee hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

Hip. You shood haue hangd longer Sir *Cur:* tis not right yet,

Rud. Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my bodie for thy loue, and ile laie it in thy hand to proue it, doost thinke I am no Christian, haue I not a Soule to saue?

Hip. Yes tis to saue yet I warrant it, and wil be while tis a soule if you vse this.

Fur. Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Capitaines Courtshippe, is not heard yet, good madam giue him fauour to court you with his voyce.

Eng. What hood he Court me with all else my Lord?

Mom. VVhy, I hope madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

Fur. I meane with an audible sweete song madam.

Eng. VVith all my heart my Lorde, if I shall bee so much indebted to him.

Foul. Nay I will be indebted to your eares Ladie for hearing me found musicke.

Fur. VVell done Capitaine, proue as it wil now.

Enter Messenger.

Me. My Lord Doctor *Versey* the Physitian is come to see master *Clarence*.

Mom. Light and attend him to him presently.

Fur. To master *Clarence*? what is your friend sicke?

Mom. Exceeding sicke.

Ta. I am exceeding sorrie.

King. Neuer was sorrow worthier bestowed
Then for the ill state of so good a man.

Pen. Alas poore gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

Mom. Thankes gentle Ladie, but my friend is loth
To

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

To trouble Ladies since he cannot quite them.
With any thing he hath that they respect.

Hip. Respect my Lord; I would hold such a man
In more respect then any Emperour
For he could make me Emperesse of my selfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the world.

Mom. How now young dame? what so dainly inspir'd
This speech hath silver haire, and reuerence asks
And soner shall haue dutie done of me
Then any pompe in temperall Emperie.

Hip. Good madam get my Lord to let vs greet him.

Eng. Alas we shall but wrong and trouble him.
His Contemplations greet him with most welcome.

Far. I neuer knew a man of so sweet a temper
So soft and humble, of so high a Spirit.

Mom. Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The standing lake of *Impudencie* corrupts,
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought would haue,
To grace him in the prostituted light.

But if a man would consort with a Soule
VWhere all mans Sea of gall and bitterness
Is quite evaporate with his holy flames,
And in whose powers a Dione-like Innocence
Fosters her owne deserts, and life and death,
Runbes hand in hand before them: All the Skies
Cleere and transparent to her piercing eyes,

Then would my friend be something, but till then
A Ciphers, nothing, or the worst of men.

Foul. Sweet Lord lets goe visit him;
Enter Giles Goosecappe.

Goose. Pray good my Lord, whats that you talke on?

Mom. Art you come from your necessarie busines Sir
Gyles? we talke of the visiting of my sick friend *Clarence*.

Goose. O good my Lord lets visit him, cause I knowe
his brother.

Hip. Know his brother, may then Count doe

not

Sir Gyles Grosseaple.

not denie him.

Goof. Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

Mom. O! the younger brother eldest, while you live
Sir Gyles.

Goof. I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne down with truch as neuer any knightith world was I thinke.

Ta. A man wood thinke he speakes simplie now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest: For often we see the younger inherite, wherein he is eldest.

Eng. Your Logically wit my Lorde is able to make any thing good.

Mom. VVell come sweet Lords, & Ladies, let vs spend The time till supper-time with some such sights
As my poore house is furnished withall
Pictures and Jewels; of which implements
It may be I haue some wil please you much.

Goof. Sweet Lord lets see them.

Exeunt.

Enter Clarence and Doctor.

Do. I thinke your disease Sir, be rather of the mind then the bodie.

Cla. Be there diseases of the mind Doctor?

Do. No question Sir, even as there be of the bodie.

Cla. And cures for them too?

Do. And cures for them too, but not by Phisick.

Cla. You will haue their diseases, greifes? wil ye not?

Do. Yes; oftentimes.

Cla. And doe not greifes euer rise out of passions?

Do. Euermore.

Cla. And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

Do. Not the passions of the mind; for the mind many times is sicke, when the bodie is healthfull.

Cla. But is not the mindes sickness of power to make the bodie sicke?

Do. In time, certaine.

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Cla. And

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the

Do. No question. (mind?)

Cla. Then if there bee such a naturall commerce of Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why shood not the medicines for one cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you see. *Herimih quod nullus amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Cla. Naythen Doctor, since you cannot make any reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the minde and the bodie, making both subiect to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the mind but one, and that is *Ignorance*.

Do. Why what is loue? is not that a disease of the mind?

Cla. Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the bloode, nor are wee subiect to any disease, or sorrowe, whose causes or effects simply and natiuely concerne the bodie, that the mind by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any passions in the Soule, for where there are no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your master *Gallen* refers *parts irascens*, For *illic est anima sentiens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there also.

Do. But you know we vse to say, my mind giues mee this or that, euen in those additions that concerne the bodie.

Cla. VVe vse to say so indeed, and from that vse comes the abuse of all knowledge, and her practize, for when the object in question onely concerns the state of the bodie? why shood the soule bee sorry or glad for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then shee is a foole, if of necessitie and against her will, A slave, And so, far from that wisdom, and freedome that the Emperesse of Reason, and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

Do. Diuinely spoken Sir, but verie Paradoxicallye.

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnif, Rudes. Goof:

Foul: Eugenia, Penelope, Hippotia, Winnufred.

Mom. Who's there?

I. my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the key of the gallerie, me thought
I heard the Doctor and my friend.

Fur. I did so sure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord
We will be bold to evesdroppe; For I know
My friend is as respectiue in his chamber
And by himselfe, of any thing he does
As in a *Criticke Synods* curious eyes
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.

Maxime omnium teipsum reuerere.

Cla. Knowe you the Countesse *Eugenia* Sir?

Do. Exceeding wel Sir, she's a good learned scholler.

Cla. Then I perceiue you know her well indeed.]

Do. Me thinks you two shood vse much conference.

Cla. Alas sir, we doe verie seldome meet,
For her estate, and mine are so vnequall,
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre
That I hold much to sacred a respect,
Of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

Do. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flowe
Out of your iudgment but from passion.

Cla. Indeed I doe account that passion,
The verie high perfection of my mind,
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was spoken of the most chaste Queene
Of riche *Pasiaca* may be said of her.

*Anteucent sortem moribus virtutibus Annos,
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.*

Do. A most excellent *Distick*.

Mom. Come Lords away, lets not presume too much
Of a good nature, not for all I haue
VVood I haue him take knowledge of the wrong

Sir Gyles Gooscappe.

I rudely offer him: come then he shew
A few rare Jewels to your honour'd eyes,
And then present you with a common supper.

Goof. Jewells my Lord, why is not this candlestick
one of your Jewels pray?

Mom. Yes marre is it Sir Gyles if you will.

Goof. Tis a most fine candlestick in truth, it wants
nothing but the languages.

Pen. The languages seruant, why the languages?

Goof. VVhy miltris; there was a latin candlestick here
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

Ta. I thought he had a reason for it Ladie.

Pen. I and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for
his father wood haue bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

Do. VVell master Clarence I perceiue your mind
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh
And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,
That you haue need of no Phisitians helpe.
But good Sir euen for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Those ground-workes of eternitie, you lay
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here:
For the too strict and rationall Course you hold
VVill eate your bodie vp; and then the world,
Or that small point of it, where virtue liues
VVill suffer Diminution: It is now
Brought almost to a simple vnitie,
VVhich is, (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The vnitie must onely be supposed,
Let it not faile then, most men else haue sold it;
Tho you neglect your selfe, vphould it,
So with my reuerend loue I leaue you Sir. *Exit.*

Cl. Thanks worthie Doctour, I do amply quite you
I proppe poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,
And onely by one friend in all the world,
For vertues onely sake I vse this wile,

Sir Giles Goosecappe.

VVhich otherwise I wood despise and scorne,
The world should stike and all the pompe she hugs
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe
Ere I sustaine it, if this stendrest ioynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings loue so well
Had power to saue it from the throate of hell

He drawes the Curtaines and sits within them.

Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolita.

Eug. Come on faire Ladies I must make you both
Familiar witnessles of the most strange part
And full of impudence that ere I plaide,

Hip. VVhats that good madam?

Eug. I that haue bene so more then maiden-nice
To my deare Lord and vnkle not to yeeld
By his importunate suite to his friends loue
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe
Farre past his expectation or his hope
In action, and in person greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans sick state.

Pen. Is this a part of so much Impudence?

Eug. No but I feare me it will stretch to more

Hip. Mary madam the more the merrier.

Eug. Marrie Madam? what shood I marrie him?

Hip. You take the word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of such kind heate
In your cold bosome, wood to God my breath
Might blowe it to the flame of your kind hart.

Eug. Gods pretious Ladie, knowe ye what you say,
Respect you what I am, and what he is,
VVhat the whole world wood say, & what great Lords
I haue refused and might as yet embrace,
And speake you like a friend, to wish me him?

Hip. Madam I cast all this, and know your choyse
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores
Of your Iudiciall eyes: I am but young
And be it said without all pride I take,

To .

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

To be a maid, I am one, and indeed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of state :
And yet euen by that little I haue learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I haue cride haruest home of thus much iudgment
In my greene sowingtime, that I cood place
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* mind,
Fild with his inward wealth and noblenes;
(Looke madam here,) when others outward tralhe
Shood be contented to come vnder here.

Pen. And so say I vppon my maidenhead.

Eug. Tis well said Ladies, thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wise, you to worldly men :
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent iest
(At least in my poore iesting.) Th' Erle my vnckle
Will misse me straite, and I know his close drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By some deuice or other he hath plotted.
Now when he seekes vs round about his house
And cannot find vs, for we may be sure
He will not seeke me in his sicke friends chamber,
(I haue at al times made his loue so strange,)
He straight will thinke, I went away displeas'd,
Or hartelic careles of his hartiest sute.
And then I know there is no greife on earth
Will touch his hart so much, which I will suffer
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,
For ile be sworne in motion and progresse
Of his friends suite, I neuer in my life
VVrasted so much with passion or was mou'd
To take his firme loue in such Ielouse part.

Hip. This is most excellent madam, and will proue
A neecelike, and a noble trends Reuenge.

Eug. Bould in a good cause, then lets greet his friend,
VVhere is this sickly gentleman at his booke ?
Now in good troth I wood theis bookes were burnd

That

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my vnckles friend, no other name
I need giue him, to whome I giue my selfe,

Cla: O madam let me rise that I may kneele,
And pay some dutie to your soueraigne grace.

Hip: Good *Clarence* doe not worke your selfe disease
My Ladie comes to ease and comfort you.

Pen: And we are handmaidens to her to that end.

Cla: Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held
VVithin the verge of this presumtuious chaire,

Eng. VVhy, *Clarence* is your iudgement bent to show
A common louers passion? let the world,
That liues without a hart, and is but shewe,
stand on her emtie, and impoisoned forme,
I knowe thy kindenesse, and haue seene thy hart,
Cleft in my vnckles free, and friendly lippes
And I am onely now to speake and act,
The rites due to thy loue: oh I cood weepe.
A bitter shewe of teares for thy sick state,
I cood giue passion all her blackest rites.
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,
But these are common, knowledge is the bond,
The seale and crowne of our vnited mindes,
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,
To my late written hand I giue thee this,
See heauen, the soule thou gau'st is in this hand.
This is the knot of our eternitie,
VVhich fortune, death, nor hell, shal euer loose.

Enter Bullaker. Iack Wil.

Ia: VVhat an vnmanerly trick is this of thy countesse,
to giue the noble count her vnckle the flippe thus?

Wil: Vnmanerlie, you villayne? O that I were
worthie to weare a cagger to anie purpose for thy sake?

Bul: VVhy young gentlemen, vtter your anger
with your fists.

Wil, *Tha^s*

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Wil. That cannot be man, for all fists are shut you know, and utter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell iust for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominable miscarrie her selfe.

Ia: Protest you sawsie Iack you, I shood doe my countrie and court-shippe good seruice to beate thy coaltsteeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reuerend worde to passe their guardes; why, the oldest courtier in the world man, can doe noe more then protest,

Bul. Indeepe page if you were in Fraunce, you wood bee broken vpon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in Fraunce dares saie I protest, till hee bee one and thirtie yeere old at least, for the inheritance of that worde is not to bee possesst before.

Wil. VVell, I am sorie for my presumption then, but more sorie for my Ladies, marie most sorie for thee good Lorde *Momforde*, that will make vs most of a lorie for our selues, if wee doe not fynde her out.

Ia: VVhy alas what shood wee doe? all the starres of our heauen see, wee seeke her as fast as wee can, if shee bee crept into a rush wee will seeke her out or burne her.

Enter Momford.

Mom. Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them Out; hence, home ye monsters, nad stil keep you there VVhere leuitie keepes, in her in constant Spheare, Awake you pretious villaines, what a plague, Of varried tortures is a womans harte? How like a peacockes taile with different lightes, They differ from them selues; the very ayre Alters the aspen humors of their bloods.

*Exeunt.
Pages.*

Now

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Now excellent good, now superexcellent badd.
Some excellent good, some? but one of all:
VVood anie ignorant babie serue her friend,
Such an vnciuill part? Sblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,
And nourish *Spiders*, cood she cut my throate,
VV with her departure I had byn her calfe,
And made a dish at supper for my guests
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,
Puffe, is there not a feather in this syre
A man may challenge for her? what? a feather?
So easie to be scene; so apt to trace;
In the weake flight of her vnconstant wings?
A more man at the most, that with the sunne,
Is onely scene, yet with his radiant eye,
we cannot single so from other mores,
To say this more is shee, passion of death,
She wrongs me past a death, come come my friend,
Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

Eng. Come vnckle shall we goe to supper now?

Mom. Zounes to supper? what a dorr is this?

Eng. A las what ailes my vnckle, Ladies see.

Hip. Is not your Lordshippe well?

Pen. Good speake my Lord.

Mom. A sweete plague on you all, ye wittie rogues
haue you no pittie in your villanous iests, but runne a
man quite from his fiftene witts?

Hip. VVill not your Lordshippe see your friend,
and neece?

Mom. VVood I might sinke if I shame not to see her
Tush t'was a passion of pure Ielosie,
Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.
Goddess of learning and of constancie,
Of friendship and euerie other vertue.

Eng. Come, come, you haue abus'd me now I know
And now you plaister me with flatteries.

Pen. My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them

Mom. Now

Sir Gylis Gassepage.

Mom. Now all heavens quire of Angels sing Amen,
And bleſſe theſe true borne nuptials with their bliſſe,
And Neece tho you haue Conſid me in this,
Ile vnicke you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceiue your expectation.
For where you think you haue contracted harts
VVith a poore gentleman, he is ſole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you and yours
I freely, and for euer here bequeath;
Call forth the Lords, ſweet Ladies let them ſee
This ſodaine and moſt welcome Noueltie;
But crie you mercy Neece, perhaps your modeſtie
VVill not haue them pertake this ſodaine matche.

Eng. O vnicke thinke you ſo, I hope I made
My choyce with too much Iudgment to take ſhame
Of any forme I ſhall performe it with.

Mom. Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furniſal, Tal: King: Goof: Rud: Foul: Ia:

Will, Bullaker.

Mom: My Lotds, take witnes of an abſolute wonder,
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,
My friend, and my deere neece are man and wiſe.

Fur. A wonder of mine honour, and withall
A worthe preſedent for al the world;
Heauen bleſſe you for it Ladie, and your choyce.

Ambo Thankes my good Lord.

Ta. An Accident that will make pollicie bluſhe,
And all the Complements of wealth and ſtate,
In the ſucceſfull and vnnubred Race
That ſhall flowe from it, ſild with fame and grace.

Kim. So may it ſpeed deere Countſſe, worthy Clarence.

Ambo Thankes good Sir Cumberd.

Fur. Captaine be not diſmaid, Ile marrie thee,
For while we liue, thou ſhalt my conſort be.

Foul. By Fraunce my Lord, I am not grien'd a whit,
Since Clarence hath her; he hath bin in Fraunce,
And therefore merits her if ſhe were better.

K

Mom. Then

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

Mom. The knights ile knit your happie nuptial knots,
I know the Ladies minds better then you;
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue onlie,
Yet some more wise then some, they choose for both
Vertue, and wealth.

Eng. Nay, winkle then I plead
This goes with my choyce, *Some more wise then some,*
For onely vertues choise is truest wisdom.

Mom. Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,
They loue ye knights exreamely, and Sir *Cut:*
I giue the chaste *Hippolita* to you.
Sir Gyles this Ladies

Pen. Nay stay there my Lord,
I haue not yet prou'd all his knightly parts
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

Tal. That I forgot sweet Ladies good *Sir Gyles.*
Haue you no sonnet of your penne about ye?

Goof. Yes, that I haue I hope my Lord my Cosen.

Fur. Why, this is passing fit.

Goof. Ide be loth to goe without paper about me
against my mistris, hold my worke againe, a man knows
not what neede he shall haue perhaps.

Mom. VVell remembred a mine honour *Sir Gyles:*

Goof. Pray read my Lorde, I made this sonnet of my
mistris,

Rud. Nay reade thy selfe man.

Goof. No intruth Sir *Cut:* I cannot reade mine owne
hande.

Mom. VVell I will reade it.

Three things there be which thou shouldst not craue,
Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye,
Three things there be, which thou shouldst not haue,
And for which three each modest dame would crie,
Three things there be, that should thine anger swage,
An English mastife, and a fine french page.

Rud. Sblood Aile, theres but two things, thou shalt
thy selfe.

Goof. VVhy

Sir Gyles Goosecappe.

VVhy Sir Cust: thats *Poeticalicentia*, the verfe wood haue binne too long, and I had put in the third, S'light you are no Poet I perceiue.

Pen. Tis excellent seruant.

Mom. Keepe it *Ladie* then,
And take the onely knight of mortall men.

Goof. Thankeyou good my *Lord* as much as tho you had giuen me twentie shillings in truth, now I may take the married mens parts at footeball.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all, & you *Captaine* For merrie forme sake let the willowe crowne;
A wreath of willow bring vs hither straite.

Fur. Not for a world shood that haue bin forgot
Captaine it is the fashion, take this crowne.

Foul. *VVith* all my hart my *Lord*, and thankeye too
I will thanke any man that giues me crownes.

Mom. Now will we conlecrate our readie supper
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,
In forme whereof first daunce faire *Lords* and *Ladies*
And after sing, so we will sing and daunce,
And to the skies our vertuous ioyes aduance.

The Measure.

Now to the song, and doe this garland grace.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe.

our captaine goes downe:

Willowe, willowe, willowe,

his uallor doth crowne.

The rest with Rosemarie we grace,

O Hymen let thy lights

With richest rayes guild enerie face,

and feast hartis with delights.

Willowe, willowe, willow,

we chaunt to the skies:

And with blacke and yellowe,

gine courtship the prize.

FINIS.